

To Qui-Gon--My Master, My Father, My Friend

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Summary: In a letter to Qui-Gon, Obi-Wan tells his Master how he feels. (NON-slash)

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Feedback wanted.

Disclaimer: All things Star Wars belong to George Lucas. I'm simply borrowing them for some non-profit-making fun. No harm done. ;-)

Note: Well, this is sort of a companion to my story "Please Remember Me," in which Qui-Gon said goodbye to his Padawan. This is from Obi-Wan's pov. 100% SLASH-FREE! I know many fans like to think of their relationship that way, but I simply can't see it. Sorry. In my stories (such as this one) Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon have a close father-son relationship. I can't see them as anything more than great friends.

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Dear Qui-Gon,

It's been two weeks to the day that I lost you. In those two weeks, not a day has gone by that I don't think of you. You're in my thoughts constantly. The pain is still there, at the edge of my consciousness, but I have learned to keep it under control--if not for my own sake, then for the sake of Anakin. It's important that I remain strong for him. Losing his mother was bad enough, and I think your loss stung him almost as much as it did me.

You would be proud of him, Master. Annie has come a long way in the past two weeks. I think he keeps himself buried in his studies to

keep himself from thinking about the two people he lost in such a short amount of time.

Master, to be honest, not having you around is the most terrible pain I've ever suffered. I want you to know that I'm sorry for arguing with you about Anakin. I wish that our last few weeks together hadn't been spent in disagreement. I would give anything to be able to relive the past month--to be able to change things.

But I know what you would say to me. You would say, "Regret is a waist of time, young Padawan. What's the logic in lingering on the past that can not be changed?" You're right, of course, as you're always right.

But that doesn't stop the sleepless nights in which I toss and turn, my tired mind racing with the things I could have done or said differently. Master, could I have saved you? I relive that final battle in my head every day and every night.

I remember running desperately to help you, but my legs feel heavy and sluggish. For I moment, I imagine there is hope. I think I will make it to you, but suddenly, the force field is back up, and I am trapped; helpless. All I needed was another half-second, and you would surely have lived.

Then, I watched in helpless horror as he slid the lightsaber into your stomach. Master, words cannot describe the anguish and sorrow and helplessness and hatred I felt all at once in that single moment. You trained me well, Master, but at that moment, all my training and discipline counted for nothing. It was completely forgotten as I watched you tumble to the floor, clutching at your wound, a surprised and pain-inflicted expression on your normally passive face.

I'm so sorry I couldn't get to you in time. Master, I would have done anything to take away your pain. You were my father; my friend. Master, I lost it at that moment. I could think of nothing but revenge. I wanted that thing to suffer. I wanted him to pay for hurting you--for hurting me.

When the force field lifted, I lunged at him. Pure hatred was what drove me on; what made my fight with more strength than I ever had in my life. Master, when I killed him, it was in anger--no, hatred. Master, at that moment, I was no better than him. I felt no victory in watching him die. I only felt disgust at myself.

Because I know that I defeated him using the Dark Side of the Force, and that is something I never want to do again. I'm ashamed, Qui-Gon. Would you be ashamed of me?

For the longest time, it hurt me greatly that your last words were about Anakin. But I've come to understand that it was only out of necessity. You believed that Anakin is the chosen one and must be trained. I may not be as certain as you, Master, but I will do it for you. Because I would do anything for you. I know that you believe that this is right, and I could never deny you your dying wish.

As I write this, I wonder why I even bother. I know that you will never read this, but I can't help but wondering if you somehow know. On some of those restless nights I mentioned, I wake up suddenly, and I can almost feel you through our close bond in the Force. Master,

it's almost like you're in the very room with me, standing over my bed.

It's very comforting. Only then can I finally sleep.

I love you, Master. I want to tell you that you are more than my Master--you are also my father and my friend, and I know that you felt--feel--the same way. I feel your love every time I close my eyes.

Love always,

Obi-Wan

End  
file.